And by the grace of God and this mine arme,
To proue him (in defending of my ſelfe)
A traytor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truely fight, defend me heaven.

Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harold.

Rich. Marſhall: aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre;
And formally according to our Law
Depoſe him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'ſt thou hi-(ther
Before King *Richard* in his Royall Liſts?
Againſt whom com'ſt thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, ſo defend thee Heaven.

Bul. *Harry* of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter*, and *Derby*,
Am I: who ready here doe ſtand in Armes,
To prove by heavens grace; and my bodies valour,
In Liſts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,
That he's a Traytor foule and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King *Richard*, and to me,
And as I truely fight, defend me heaven.

Mar. On paine of death, no perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring hardy as to touch the Liſts,
Except the Marſhall, and ſuch Officers
Appoynted to direct theſe faire deſignes.

Bul. Lord Marſhall, let me kiſſe my Soueraignes hand,
And bow my knee before his Maieſty:
For *Mowbray* and my ſelfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,
Then let vs take a ceremonius leaue
And loving farewell of our ſeverall friends.

Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And craves to kiſſe your hand, and take his leave.

Rich. We will deſcend, and fold him in our armes.
Coſin of *Hereford* as thy cauſe is iuſt,
So be thy fortune in this royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou ſhead,

Lament

Lament we may, but not re
Bul. Oh let no Noble ey
For me, if I be goar'd with
As confident, as is the Falc
Againſt a Bird, doe I with
My loving Lord, I take my
Of you (my Noble Coſin)
Not ſicke, although I have
But luſty, young, and chear
Loe, as at Engliſh Feaſts, ſo
The daintieſt laſt, to make t
Oh thou the earthy author
Whoſe youthfull ſpirit in
Doth with a two-fold vigor
To reach at victory above m
Adde proofe unto mine Arm
And with thy bleſſings ſteele
That it may enter *Mowbraye*
And furbiſh new the name of
Even in the luſty haviour of
Gaunt. Heaven in thy gooc
Be ſwift like lightning in th
And let thy blowes doubly
Fall like amazing thunder on
Of thy amaz'd pernicious en
Rouze up thy youthfull bloo
Bul. Mine innocence, and
Mow. How ever Heaven or
There lives, or dyes, true to Ki
A loyall, iuſt, and upright Ge
Never did Captiue with a fre
Caſt off his chaines of bondag
His golden uncontroul'd enfra
More than my dancing ſoule d
This Feaſt of Battle, with m
Moſt mighty Liege, and my c
Take from my mouth, the wiſ
As gentle, and as jocond, a

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.19)